

Words and Characters

by

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Words, they become us, defining the very nature of a person's character. The nature of our interactions behaviours and mannerisms in public and in private are proposed through our thoughts, words and deeds. Yet, as a new series of crises and tragedies unfolds, yet another series of revolutions arcing through untold minds revolves as though thought was all there was; all there ever could be.

Recently I had a dream of a confounding and decipherable nature, yet too soon the memory fades. My dream(s) revolved around technology in a synthesis between the natural built environment and the idea of science for the sake of history. Equality of Education, and Equality of Opportunity being a state of mind as well as legislative guidance and direction for a well informed civil populous.

Part 1

Pictograph Solemnity

The ink soaks deep into paper following a non-descript path,
From nib to sheet, to cloth, to pulp
The minute dispersion of dark liquid blots
Whilst all around still, silently rests.
Were there words to define the unwritten?
Or characters to recite in a language unspoken
Time, space, matter and dust would cease to hold the same meaning
The emptiness of this place, this crumbling menagerie of detritus
Without eyes to see, nor ears or mouth to hear and speak
Dark mutterings of consolidated diction
Elocution evolved from an oral history
A plane motions overhead as a head peaks through open door
Imagined reason perplexing the lonely grey matter
Until discovery resumes a pace of incremental change
Alone I walk through meadows and green

Britannia Majestica

I always wanted to use the words
Perhaps if it were an answer
Or even if they were heroes
In an age of lossless sound, and fuzzy images
The problem was not one of life or coping
Rather, it was the composition of agnosia,
The lack of knowledge heralding an image;
Where once stood I, drawing an objective academia
That same academia, I once called love.
Yet were it not for Persephone and her mate
The lord of the underworld,
Of whom Hades name remained unspoken in derision
Tonight would be the first of many
Freedom on her brow, and dirty water or smokeless ash
She never heard his crying despair in spring
Tormented by tales of the forsaken riches incomparable to companionship
Those days are gone now, never to return.

Untrustworthy love

I waited a long time
Fearing a dream of worlds
Obscured only by the thorns of a rose bush
Yet this life, this love unrequited
Divine and blissfully ignorant
This bitter taste and the old smell of books unread
Perhaps, had I told her
Or even if I had plucked a rose
The dream might have been
But this lust, a thirst for less and hunger rumbling
I knew too little and said even less
But for all its worth as cloud parting exposed daybreak
With cityscape outskirts old
The connection to my former glory
A heartbeat is lost to the sound of teardrops
Should we each see the day out, whilst whispering nothing
No sweetness or light hearted humour
To the sound of a drummers beat
In darkness or light, geometry defining nothing more
And so it begins again for another
The evil inherent in all of mankind
As a quest to find the lost and save the weak.

The Death of Time

It snowed on a day like today,
Only the clothes spoke a character
She sat smiling and waiting as the empty tree revolved
Turning back the clock to an era beyond present tense
A quiet tremor of a shivering chest
Anticipating the warmth of a bonfire with companions once lost
That was then, when the heat of the mantle crust cooled
But returning to the present era
And age of rise and fall, succeeded only by us
Buttons to press and seas to part but once
How she smiled and danced, she sat and watched rebirth
Growth of shadows in a mind that doesn't understand
Never again would I see her or anyone
Forgotten and slowly as the memory of authority exiled faded,
Her warmth disappeared, cruel and undying cynical in pessimism
As with this most human conception
Ravaged by an hour glass containing silicon beach shards

My twisted gnarled root : an oaken branch stolen

I once had a favourite,
A favourite color and place,
A grandparent and friend
But as with all things, failure and loss became unhappiness.
Misery became friends and then for a while,
The cold harshness of a life unlived
Unloved, unwanted, lacking respect
I once had a favourite.
A favourite taste and face,
But as with all things, the blood in my mouth left a taste
The cause of which was an unemptied ashtray.
Perhaps, perhaps, maybe and never today, nor the marrow
As fireworks consume a brave New Years sky,
The darkness of a moonlit room and a hallway filled with perfumed air.
Irony, it would be my life
Sacrificed like a young deity lacking faith
Blasphemy and irreliquosity, pious musing
Again, again and alas all for nothing
Today I cry for the existential flickering flame that was.

Home

I was born here, with family and love,
Revisiting this place, I sat
Tracking the storm in the distance
I still remember the light breeze,
The smell of the ground and the shallow fall of rain
Empty sunken earth and detritus litter the streets
The wealth of a nation crippled by a cursed acronym.
Corruption, democracy, freedom and choice
A younger self would have screamed for education and healthcare.
If only I were smarter, if i could run, I would
In order to catch the last beating breath,
But I am trapped inside a fence, a six year olds dream;
Today I will my independence but tomorrow i yearn for unity
Until you return the hollow birth of planes and trains
Maybe, if i hold my breath
I might see your face as it was and is and will be.

Childhood Heroes

“What’s your happiest memory?”
Original value, self worth and high esteem,
The attainment of something I cannot earn.
Once I lived in the shadow of a man,
Tea and crumpets with jam;
A sunken lounge and a garden made of trees and roses.
“I spy with my little eye”
A chameleon floats on a wall, its stare stern;
In this place I lived, I died, I healed and cried myself back to life,
Sadness tinged with regret.
Sorrow for the possibility that ceases to be;
I will not succeed in finding love, honour or wisdom.
Hope though, hope rests in hands I cannot thank,
Words I fail to say limit true emotion,
So, I write. Goodby, hello and goodbye again.
Because the only truth in emotion is the watery eye I carry back to bed.

The Tea within me

A record skips, repeating bars unending
In a small cave-like hovel of a home
A voice whispers, control and centre
Beside a coffee-less-a table rests a basin
This will be my finest rebuttal
The last time I hear, see, feel, breath
I willed depression, "do your worst" my voice trails lingering
In the emptiness mirroring a life, the fluid enters a vacuum
Not much is known about that moment,
The final trigger that caused a snap in logic
Without family, nor friend, just enemies composed of dust.
A siren's call beckons the sound of the ocean
Warm sea breeze, spitting rain and ocean spray.
It took two conversations to gain a focus on my reality
Attraction switched from a mania to tearfully apologetic melancholy
Don't forget to wash the pills down; thus a kettle boils

A suicide no less

Once I was a believer,
Without which my internal structure would not be
And equally the faith tattooed on a forbidden chest made me,
That changed as a sundial ticked a heavy toll
We all would have believed doubting inside but fighting frustration
All of which led a struggle to end,
Fighting no more for more than tolerance.
I wonder if it had been you instead of her,
How you would have laughed,
As always, I digress with little recompense for failed devotion,
My foundation, a tale of rocks, and clouds
I'd like to live by seas stormy,
To walk, sand in between toes unsheathed
Listening to bards and auld lessons
Without which my present lacks the value attributed to it,
In finality, my broken heart ceases to beat,
Fulfilling the curse of my lack of maturity
In this my only grace

Part 2

The Ninetieth Crime of Engineering

As he stood watching them,
Cooing and pruning one another;
He was dangerously aware of Time.
He enjoyed them both,
Their instant attraction,
For all things rested on their love;
One to another, which was the changing landscape.

He listened to their smiling eyes,
Awakened by his colleagues instant infatuation;
It was in this moment the convoluted raiding
And looting of the riotous senses that he decided.
It would be now or never,
Before it was too late.
Gently, calmly and serenely cold and calculated
He finished the call,
The words ringing in his ear
“For he is your son”.

The Trial of Conviction

The aberration of infidelity;
Compassionate, wise but lacking in judgement.
The Advocate of Time, Justice of the Peace
Bearer of the duties of Times Hand,
Amon looked towards the Constructs.
Of them all,
only one stood out more than the others.
Her name was Constance, partner of Engineering.
As he pointed towards the bottle that lay untouched,
It's blue luminous glow in the sunlight sparkling flat;
The question was asked.
"Were you aware of Science Senior?
His mind contaminated with dirty Principled Technique?"

The Execution of Conviction : The Visionaries Lost

The Visionaries, architects of enlightenment;
Founders of the coming Golden Age of Peace,
Revolution has fallen.
This was due to consumption of the same sickness,
This taint, blighting the efforts of Future Unhindered.
He stood beside it,
Wanted to place hand on Gold;
Yet it was too soon,
She would be back soon.
The Judge of Corruption, this shallow future;
Whom with steady unabated breath and ricocheting hand,
Shaking attempted to calm itself.
"Enter into the book, look for them there." he called.
A cloaked figure said nothing,
Outstretched arm, provider of Principled Technique.

The Immortality of Principled Technique

Principled Technique was once,
As with them all, alive.
This revolution in the streets,
Confusion of mass division conquered,
Of the ruler of Law.
He knew of the existence of mankind,
Where not all were privy to Knowledge's council
The creature of Habit.

Religion, saviour of the people and merciless tyrant,
Loving and cruel in equal measures
"Call for the Guards!" where Principled Technique cried,
"Clemency! Mercy Lord!" he called,
But the wheels were ever in motion.

Redefinition of Time

Corporeal Time Absolute, deserted and ruined;
They had lived here for aeons,
Before and after the coalescence.
The Point of Absolute Time, the convergence,
Until inseparable were they,
Absolute Time and Spacial Matter.

Thus, the world of men was formed,
Removing any trace of their having existed,
In this or any other plane.
But gone were they not, for they had resumed,
With the construct of science and architecture born,
A new synthesis of reality.
This reality came to encompass the efforts of men.
This was the First Age.

The Temporal Stream

As time travelled in Uniform Direction, Velocity;
Once meandered in stream, referred to as Speed.
The addition of Speed and Direction through Communion,
Led to the first Guardian Lord Temporal of the Light.

 This union in matrimony,
This most delectable instances defenced
The birth of Velocity Vector.
Vector being a hunter prepared his boat,
Fishing for all would require harpoons,
Photons for the Temporal Stream contained,
Therein lies the Rapids and Waterfalls.

Creation of the Inverter by Engineering

There was a series of bolts on the table,
All tied together on a string which contained vibrations.
These vibrations oscillate wildly, uncontrollable;
Without a way to reduce the vibrations,
Locations through Principled Technique.

 Religion, the new ÆÖÇÖr,
Queen in the first and wife of the Realms Temporal,
Prepared her chariot.
Something was amiss,
Her incorporeal other half surrounded her.

Creation of the Interceptor by Engineering

Two stars paths narrowly missed a collision.
The likes of which, Gravity,
His officers of the Realm of Ruler of Law and Energy stood between.
Time Incorporeal feared not the seriousness of this.
Betrayal had at last turned Betrayer,
That dog of continuity, that hazardous Construct Constance.
The two locked swords to the hilt,
Religion and the Virtueless Constance;
Til spark flying, planet earth growing furiously, dangerously hot.

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